

## LATEST IRISH NEWS.

From The Pilot.

## Cork.

On Sunday, July 14, at St. Patrick's church, Fermoy, the bishop of Cloyne, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Browne, ordained Rev. J. Russell and Rev. W. Carey. Dr. Browne was assisted by Very Rev. Canon Higgins, P. P., and a number of clergy. The newly ordained priests were educated at the Irish college, Paris. The bishop conferred the order of subdeacon on Mr. Andrew Kelleher, St. Colman's, at the Lauret convent.

## Donegal.

Mr. John Sweeney, father of Father Sweeney of Coolidge, Scotland, died at Glendon on July 13.

Died on July 13, at her late residence, Sallywood, Killybeggs, Bridget Bradley, the beloved wife of John Bradley, and mother of Rev. Michael Bradley, St. Columba's college, Derry, and of Mr. Conn and Mr. Joseph Bradley, Derry.

## Dublin.

A convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians was held in the Mansion house, Dublin, on July 15, and in the evening a smoking concert was held by invitation of Lord Mayor Naneff.

The recent death in Rome of the Very Rev. Louis J. Hickey, O. F. M., the distinguished Dominican, caused universal sorrow not only in Dublin, his native city, but throughout the Catholic world.

Mr. Richard Croker of Glencairn has generously given a donation of £200 to St. Vincent's hospital, Dublin, the slender resources of which are strained to the utmost in relieving the suffering poor who throng its wards at all times.

## Louth.

General regret was expressed in Ardee when the news of the death of Dr. Michael Callan, which took place in Dublin on July 15, was made known. He was a brother to Rev. H. J. Callan, Ardee, and Dr. R. Callan, J. P., Teacher house, Dunlough, and was very highly esteemed.

His eminence, Cardinal Logue, has appointed Rev. T. Cassidy, P. P., Teneure, to the pastoral charge of the parish of Drogheda, in succession to the Rev. J. Healy, P. P., deceased.

## Mayo.

The death took place at Ballina on July 18 of Mrs. Ryder, who had attained the age of 105 years. She was in possession of all her faculties up to a few days before her death.

## Monaghan.

There has just passed away, in the home of the Little Sisters of the Poor, Elswick, Newcastle, Eng., at the advanced age of 85 years, a most interesting character in the person of "Old Willie Smith," as he was familiarly called in local Irish circles. He was a native of Monaghan, and an ardent Irish nationalist.

## Queen's.

Mrs. Fennell, wife of Constable Patrick Fennell of Johnstown, died at the residence of her father, Tallacomin, on July 12, to the sorrow of a wide circle of relatives and friends.

## Sligo.

Mr. Valentine B. Dillon, seasonal crown solicitor of Sligo, died at his residence, Wine street, Sligo, on July 12. Mr. Dillon, who was aged 80 years, was an uncle of Mr. John Dillon. He practiced in Dublin formerly, but for the last forty years was engaged in business in Sligo.

## Tipperary.

On Sunday, July 14, the death occurred at Toomevara, North Tipperary, of Mrs. Jas. O'Meara, who for thirty-five years has been a member of the Nenagh board of guardians. He was father of Rev. J. O'Meara, County Clare; Rev. M. O'Meara, Chicago, and Mr. Denis O'Meara, drafter, Nenagh, and Mr. William O'Meara, merchant, Toomevara.

## Tyrone.

At Lurganboy resides Thomas Kelly, who celebrated his 106th birthday, on July 1.

## GO TO THE NEWSPAPERS.

That is the way to get things done by a railway.

A good story, which is laid to the credit of Martin L. Clark, of St. Louis, attorney for the Missouri Pacific railway, is going about among railway men just now. Mr. Clark tells the story as follows:

"A pompous looking man dashed into the general offices of the P., Q. & R. railway the other day.

"Where's the president?" he demanded of the clerk. "He was doing the cerebus act in the freight cage."

"Just went the back way a length ahead of a federal subpoena server, was the reply. Wanted up in Chicago in Judge Landis' cage."

"Where's the general manager?" "Tied up with the interstate commerce commission."

"Then, by heavens, where's your superintendent? I've got to see somebody."

"Sorry, but he's chasing up and down the track, trying to keep the railroad and warehouse commissioners from spotting him."

"The pompous man swelled to a purple rage. He spluttered imprecations for a moment and then demanded:

"Well, who in h— is running this railroad anyhow?"

"The clerk turned wearily to his work."

"The newspapers," he said. Then, after a pause, he added: "The nearest office is just around the corner. Tell your troubles to them and they'll have the federal court, the interstate commerce commission or the railroad and warehouse commissioners make us do it right away."

## Comforting.

A lady who had recently moved to the suburbs was very fond of her first brood of chickens. Going out one afternoon, she left the household in charge of her 8-year-old boy. Before her return a thunderstorm came up. The youngster forgot the chickens during the storm, and was dismayed, after it passed, to find that half of them had been drowned. Though fearing the wrath to come, he thought best to make a clean breast of the calamity, rather than leave it to be discovered.

"Mama," he said, contritely, when his mother had returned, "Mama, six of the chickens are dead."

"Dead?" cried his mother. "Six? How did they die?"

"The boy saw his chance."

"I think—I think they died happy," he said.—Harper's Weekly.

## WARNED IN STRANGE WAY.

Engineer Tells of Mysterious Signal That Saved Train.

In the spring of 1887, when I was engineer on the fast mail from Cleveland to Pittsburgh (C. & P. R. R.), the following incident occurred. It had been raining steadily for three days, and in the hilly region of Wellsville, O., the hitherto small streams and creeks had been converted into raging torrents. My train was due at Wellsville at 1:23 a. m., and being thirty minutes late I was running at full speed, about fifty-five miles per hour, and knew the track to be in good order, and at this point free from probable obstructions of any kind.

My train was made up of four Pullman cars, three mail cars and a baggage car, all the Pullman cars being comfortably filled. We were approaching Wellsville when at a point about one mile from the stream known as Yellow creek, just outside the city limits, I put my head out of the large front window to look for signals, when to my astonishment there was a red lantern swinging back and forth across the track, just in front of the engine, but as it appeared to me, and I had just started to write, it suddenly closed the throttle, applied the brakes, and showed the rails with sand, which soon brought the train to a standstill. All this time the mysterious light was waving to and fro just in front and above the engine. I stepped out onto the track, but there was no sign of a light of any kind, nor of any person, but it would have been quite impossible for any human being to have flagged the train, as above explained.

I walked about some 300 yards, and not seeing any signal lights at the approach of the bridge, I knew something was wrong, and going a short distance further I found that the bridge had been swept away by the flooded stream, which almost covered the track.

What explanation can be given this seemingly supernatural token, which saved scores of passengers from an untimely death in a watery grave?

Personal Experiences, in Chicago Tribune.

## Never Talk Back.

Never talk back! such things is reprehensible!

A fellow only hurts himself that jabs a man that's hot.

In a quarrel, if you'll only keep your mouth shut and act sensible.

The man that does the talking'll get worsted every shot!

Never talk back to a fellow that's abusing you.

Just let him carry on, and rip, and snort, and swear.

And when he finds his blarney and defamers' jest amuses you,

You've got him clean kaffumixed—and you want to hold him there!

Never talk back and wake up the whole community.

And call a man a liar, over law, or police.

You can lift and land him fender and with graceful impunity.

With one good jolt of silence than half a dozen kicks.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

## The Cunning Coyote.

This is the coyote: Co-yo-tak, with all the syllables, to the Mexican who named him: "Kio!" merely to the American wanderer who has come and gone so often that he at last regards himself a resident stockman and farmer. It is this little beast's singular cleavage, his sharp nose, fitted for the easy investigation of other people's affairs, his oblique green eyes with their squint of cowardice and perpetual hunger, that should have a place in the adornment of the vocabulary. It is notorious that the viciousness of his belly never brings him the face upon which verge he always lives, and that nothing but a very fine, and not a very fine, will bring an end to his fiery career. As his gray back comes slowly along above the reeds and coarse grass, and he turns his head to look at you, he knows at once whether or not you have with you a gun, and you cannot know how he knows. Once satisfied that you are unarmed, he will remain near in spite of any vocal remonstrances, and by and by may proceed to interview you in a way that for unobtrusiveness might be taken as a model of the art. Lie down on the thick brown carpet of the wilderness and he will for twenty minutes, and watching him from the corner of your eye you will see that he has been joined by others of his brethren hitherto unseen. He seems to be curious to know, first, if you are dead, and second, if by any chance—and he lives upon chen—there is anything else in your neighborhood that he might find eatable.

If you pass on with indifference, which is the usual way, he will sit himself down upon his tail on the nearest knoll, and tell his red tongue, and leer at you as one with whom he is half-inclined to claim acquaintance. He looks and acts then so much like a gray dog that one is inclined to whistle to him. Make any hostile demonstration and he will move a little further and sit down again. If by any means you manage to offend him deeply, that he and his comrades may retire still further, and then back ceaselessly until they have hooted you out of the neighborhood. That neat he and some of his companions may come and steal the straps from your saddle, or meat from the frying pan—and politely clean the pan—and even the boots from beside your lovely bed.

## The Kaiser on "Yellow Peril."

(Copenhagen Cable Dispatch in New York Sun.)

The Kaiser, Crown Prince Christian of Denmark and others started this morning to go to town, but never got farther than the Royal park. Some one happened to mention the Japanese navy, and the Kaiser was immediately interested, entered into the subject with the utmost animation, and the whole party stopped to listen to his obiter dicta on Japan. The Kaiser declared that the greatest mistake ever made by the white man was the Anglo-Japanese alliance. He said that Europeans were acting most foolishly in allowing a yellow race to copy all their methods and learn all their secrets.

## A Stinging Retort.

A gentleman purchased at the post-office a large quantity of stamped envelopes, newspaper wrappers and other postal requisites.

Finding them somewhat difficult to carry, he asked one of the counter clerks if he could supply him with a small quantity of string.

"We are not permitted by the department to supply string," was the reply.

"Then give me a bit of red tape," was the sarcastic reply.

The string was supplied.—Sketch.

## The Old Sweet Dream.

Wimbleton sat in his room alone. Around him he saw many of the luxuries that only money will buy. There were easy chairs, there were books, papers and magazines upon the broad table; there were the pictures upon the walls.

He had done well during his three years in the great city, as far as his work was concerned. He was drawing a fat salary, and the prospects for advancement were excellent.

But he had made few friends outside the office. It was hard to get acquainted with the kind of people whom he desired to know.

He had just read something that had a strong bearing upon his own case. For a long time he sat musing. Then he said to himself:

"Yes, I will. I can afford to now. When I left her that day I was poor. I had not made the start in life that I wished to make, but now the way ahead is clear. The old dream returns to me. I have been so busy trying to get ahead that I have seldom thought of her during the past three years, but now that I look back she seems to stand out as a beautiful vision before me."

He took up a pen and dipped it in ink. Then he sat for a long time again and mused. At last he began to write. He ran his fingers through his hair, and signed and scratched out many lines and tore up much paper, but at last he was satisfied. This is what he had written:

"I am dreaming, tonight, of blossoms That floated around us there— Of the laugh of that sweet girl, Of the tears of that widow's flowers. That I fastened in your hair."

"I am dreaming tonight, ah, dreaming Of the grace of that blissful day, And I would that I might be saying The words that I failed to say."

He copied the verses carefully, put her name above them and his own below, and then folded the paper and placed it in an envelope addressed to her.

"I suppose she is there still," he said to himself. "If she isn't somebody will forward it to her, and she will get it."

Ah, what a sweet, beautiful girl she is now that I come to think of her again. If she replies promptly I ought to receive her answer within three or four days. I wonder what she will say? How she will brighten up my life! It will be like sunrise after a night of ugly dreams!"

It was nearly a week after when he found upon his desk the envelope for which he had been waiting. A thrill passed through him as he broke the seal—a wild, joyous thrill that he had never felt before. He seemed to have suddenly passed out of the busy, noisy world and stepped into an enchanted place.

As he unfolded the sheet he saw that she, too, had dabbled with the muse, and then he read:

"Ah, dream of the spreading meadow And the flowers we gathered there; Ah, dream of the blooming orchard And the sweetly scented air!"

"Dream on of the blissful hours We frittered away that day, And dream, if you seem to like it, Of the words you didn't say."

"My husband is calling for supper, The baby is hungry, too, And hollering for his bottle— I leave the dreams to you!"

All he said, after tearing her letter into small strips, was:

"Poor girl! I wonder if my poem came as a shock to her?"

## The Sexes in America.

James Huneker, in the August Everybody's.

America is the field in which will be harmoniously adjusted the differences of the two sexes. Woman is the eternal dominating male. Woman is not inferior to man but different from him, as Stendhal would say. Nevertheless the two sexes are slowly approaching.

The man of today is more feminine than his predecessors; that is, he is more genteel, civilized; while the woman, cutting away old-fashioned, incrusting prejudices, is more masculine; i. e., she is not only more athletic in her tastes than her grandmother, she is mentally broader and firmer in her judgments. (Some day she will be so far "enrolled" that she will be charitable to her own sex.) The frankness of association of the sexes has proved to be the woman's refining to the man. There are schoolboy truths, but they will always stand quotation.

## Full of Wind.

One blustering day a teacher in a public school, in assigning topics for an exercise in English composition, suggested that the children of the primary class might give their impressions of the weather. At last she noticed that the composition of one little girl was completed in less than a minute, its laconic but unconscious author rather surprised the teacher. The little scholar had written:

"The world is full of wind."

## Patience in Waiting.

There is all the difference in the world between longing for something which time alone can bring and looking forward to an end which we are going to consummate or prepare for by our own efforts. The one protracts the intervening hours, the other shortens them. The child anticipates the holiday, and thinks it will never come. The young man longs to attain his majority and the months that elapse seem years. We watch the return of an absent friend and each minute grows longer than the last. But if we can work while we wait, and so expedite the end in view or prepare the way for it, the impression of length is removed. True patience is not inactivity; it is not sitting still and watching the clock, but using the energies in the intervening time to the best advantage. Let the child be interested in some pleasant preparation for his holiday; let the young man be engaged in fitting himself for the duties he is to assume; let the watcher use his waiting moment in sketching some agreeable plan for his friend's welcome, and the time will move with its accustomed celerity.

## Patch Told the Tale.

A prominent Irishman in New York recently had occasion to engage a gardener. One morning two applicants appeared—one a decidedly decent looking man and the other of much less prepossessing appearance and manner.

After very little hesitation the man of the house chose the latter applicant. A friend who was present evinced surprise at the selection, asking:

"Has that man worked for you before?"

"No," replied the other. "In fact I never saw either of them until today."

"Then why did you choose the shorter man? The other had a much better face."

"Face!" exclaimed the proprietor of the place in disgust. "Let me tell you

that when you pick out a gardener you want to go by his overalls. If they're patched on the knees you want him, if the patch is on the seat of his trousers you don't."



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